

"THE ROONEYS."

We make place below for the little epic of which we have previously spoken, entitled the "Adventures of Alderman Rooney and His Family at the Cable Ball." We all remember how the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph was commemorated by a ball in the metropolis, at which all the city officials were present, and shoddy shone resplendent. It is to describe this ball that the poem is written. The happy expressions used, the genial satire exhibited, and the excellent qualities of a literary effort sparkling with wit, commend it to peculiar favor. The author, Mr. D. O'C. Townley, has been courteous enough to grant us permission to publish his poem. The work itself, handsomely illustrated and well printed, is for sale, in neat pamphlet form, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chesnut street.



"Hurrah for Cyrus may be inspired us! God bless the power that the toilers wield! Hurrah for Freedom! and as we need 'em, God send us workmen like Cyrus Field!"

ALDERMAN ROONEY AT THE CABLE BANQUET: AN IMPROVED EPIC

BY HIMSELF. "He sings the story of Cyrus' glory, When he up and took on his labor dun; When calves were kilt, oh! and carot split, too, And the City Fathers did bless their son." The Attin and Drinkin and Spaykin and Toasts, EDITED BY D. O'C. T. DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If I'm not deceas'd in y. b. you'll hear from me agin. Your friend and consoler, MICHAEL ROONEY, Alderman, ROONEYVILLE, December 1st, 1866.

THE IMPROVED EPIC OF ALDERMAN ROONEY.

"Contigere omnes, intentione ora lenebant. Inde toro pater Eneas sic orans ab alto." THE ALDERMAN PHILOSOPHIZES. EXPAYRIENCE praiches, and practisatiches To poet nashier or to poet fit; That writin's aisy whin subjects please ye, And words convaynient to wrap up the wit. If rhyme wid rason, always in saison, Will but flow to me in graceful shrame, I'll tell the story of Cyrus' glory. For never jantus had nobler thame.

TO sinz his payshins, whin, short of rayshins, He axed for bread and reencyed a stone, Is not my mishun, I've oth'er th in The pau to fry, so lave that alone. Nor do I mane to sinz out a pane to The will of iron that spanned the say; Far better able the throbbin cable To praise its masher thin poet's lay.

PREPATIAL. FOR this task wor itself would ask for A year to sing it—that wondrous plan Which binds together with iron tether The thurst interests and the hopes of man; Which spakes slow to the aigur crowd too— The sport slaves on the Al-tern side, Preserve your lamps now, from midnight damps now, The bridegroom's comin to meet the bride.

MY song's the story of Cyrus' glory, Whin he up and took on his labor dun; Whin calves were kilt, oh! and carot split, too, And the City Fathers did bless their son; Who not in tatters, did meet his paters, (The Latin's useful whin you want a rhyme,) But, rich wid honors from fifty donors, He won the race wid ould Father Time.

LIKE Asmodayus, whin none can see us, We poets watch ye at good and ill; Nor bars nor bolts, or revolvin' cotiser Can atop the jantus that won't be still. No club so pryvate we cannot hve at, No sassinayshin we may not keep; No nest of beauty, oh! plain duty, Or lady's hoodwag we may not peep.

THE RESOLUTION AND DEPARTURE. AND so last week whin I heard them spake in The Commerce Chamber, of what they'd do To show their joy to the dartin boy, who Had marry'd the ould world onto the new— Sed I, aside, By the good Saint Bride, I Will honner Cyrus if I live so long! And the grate evint so w'll into pruit go In detelless strains of a poet's song.

WHIN it wint round how no handherd pound now Could buy a pass for an alderman; My wife, a while in, sed to me smilin, "We'll go, my darlin, jist to show we can." Sez I, "My luv, wur the 'mortal Jove for To put out Mayor and the Councils all, Wid bare a ticket w'd pass the picket And plump in the best sate in the hall."



"So, shure enough, wid my wife in buff hid, And me in a dhrase-coat black as ink, Cupid an Psycky, she and her Mickey, Wint to see and hear all, and ate and dhrink."

THE RECEPTION. AND ther the L-celins wid burstin feelins Stud on the shoops in the peltin rain. And bowd as gran I as, and shruled as bland as If Mickel Rooney wor the King of Spaine. The Police Inspektor and Pert Collector Stud on aich side as he boulted in; "As sunny wether," said both together, "Yer welkin, Rooney! shuv out yer fin."

WHIN Mister Smyth did lade in my wife, wid A graceful aise that was mighty fine, And John A. K. wid myself the way thrid Through crowds of polis drawd up in line. Thus through the throng thin we passed al ng, whin We ken at last to the bankwit hall, Wher waitin spoonies sunz out, "The Rooneys!" And fung the doore hard agin the wall.

THEY cheered us lowly—we intherd prouidy, And gazed wid rapture around the room, Till Missis Rooney grew rather s'wooney, Wid exicis of joy and the shrooz perfume; Fut Missis Low thin, and Harry Stowe thin Ken rumm in terrib wid a hundred more, And sed, "My deer, ver as welkin more sare As shaves of corn to a tarashin floor."

SO, shure enough, wid my wife in buff hid, And me in a dhrase-coat black as ink, Cupid an Psycky, she and her Mickey, Wint to see and hear all, and ate and dhrink. Broadway was jamd so, and futpath cramd so, There scarce was room for our coach to go; But soon the rakkit brot Capten Brackit, Who cleared the way to the portico.



THE DESCRIPTION. SO as my Psycky wint iron her Mickey In clouds of beauty and rustlin silk, I bless the acee wher smol'd the graces, And roses shewn in a say of milk. And thin alone Mike, as from his throne like Balsazgur locked on the Bankwit hall, In wondrous maze too I ther did gaze too On hevenly simbals along the wall.

THEY hung the Shtars, and the planet Mars, and An olive branch in his opin mouth. Joopher and Juno, the Sun and Moon, oh! And straimers wavin from North to South; And down below ther swung too and fro there, The big round world wid an irin zoan; To which ther came in, wid lines a daymin, The songs of Shtars in a tunder tone.

AND up on high, as a sunset sky, was The dome all filld wid a hundred flies, Which rose and fell, wain the music swellin Wid sound of trumpet did toll or rise. And banners toll, long from tressyd wall, swung; Like livin creatures, wid frantic ways, They wavyed about ther; unspoken shout ther From distant mayshuns in Cyrus' praise.



"And ther the Lecelins wid burstin feelins Stud on the shoops in the peltin rain, And bowd as gran as, and smiled as bland as If Mickel Rooney wor the king of Spaine."

ON silver wyers, that stud like spyers, To Aist and West and to North and South, Ran lines of ribbin which widout fibbin, Brot news as shrair: as the word of mouth, The grate Chynes and the Afsankness, and The Hindoo sage of the sandy Aist; And poor white slaves too across the waves too Bid Cyrus welkin onto the faste.

THE Labrador min, and ice-boun shoremin, From Heilnds far in the Northern Seas; And gulf-swipt sars thro of Southern lans too, From pacefull homes in the Western bays; From every sod wher they bliss their god thers, For mighty powrs that his worpin weild O'er land and oshin wid thure devoshun Kem thank and greetin to Cyrus Field.

UPON the tables there shtud the cablin, A pece at lase of the first and last— And all the samps too, that made the thrips through, And carry'd the sarpint and made it fast; And mountin yases, wid shuzar daysoys And jelleys bull like the piramids, And things that Faroh, or Fadin Naro Did niver dhrain in ther drunkin fits.

THE DESCRIPTION TERMINATES ABRUPTLY. AND white cannyllas, and crimson dayllas And handherds sich like giv welkin too; In evry corner a joy was born, or Some wonthrous beauty kem out to view; And music peelin kem from the ceelin Wher Dodwurth sat like a baythin god, And spakin Latin did wain his batin, And rooled the spoers wid a Jovial nod.

AS I stud straintin to catch the mainin, That I might tell of these curious things, And wid prechun fulfil my mishun, For truth should bliss wain the poet sings; Like one inasperd, wid jantus tyerd I moved to spake, and had cheerd my thro; Whin, jist the time in to stop my rym, The skirt was pulled nearly off my coat.

WHY, Rooney, man dear, hould out yer hand here," Sed frud Odyke who sturd sht the doore, "It's mighty plazed tho' you do look crazed so, I am to see you, come up the floore; But Mick, my prince, sur, widout odline sur, You surely have been a' dhrinkin som." Sed I, "Your right, sur, for such delight sur, Makes bether somites than Jamaycky rum."

HERE, take my arm, for I meant no harm, sir, And come and sate you beside the chare; I see your lady wid Missis Braly, And the Smythes and Lows in the corner there." So up the room, thro' the grand parfume to The chare we marchid wid the bate of dhrans, An i the people's rose, and shtud on their toes, and The band played up "See the Hayro comes!"

WHIN Mister Low he did bow, as tho' he Wor made on purpose for to act pelite; And I did thry too, to come as nigh to A mild exprishun of my own delite; So down I bent to the President, who Wain I got up from that graceful bow, Did saze my hand so, and sed so grand, "Oh! My dear frud Cyrus here's Rooney no!"

NOW Cyrus blissh'd, whin I to him rushed thin, And laze my hands on his throbbin brow, And sed, "Brave toyler, ther lives no spoyler Can shtale a thred from yer story now; My heart wid shts full, wid tears my eyes full, I bliss you here in the People's view, May Faith us-hpire us to deels like Cyrus!" And the People rose and they bliss him too.

WHIN all sat down, and the soup wint roan, and The fish and mate and the Irish stew, And the fruits and paste for to wnet the taste, or To build foundayshun for something new, Wid Roman punch, and the nuts to crunch and Jellees from Spain and ices Greek; Wit Chart oldin and sherris goldin, That sint a glow to the dhrinkers cheek.

WHILE thus we took in the best of cookin, And washed it down wid the best of dhrink, As duty boun to, I looked aroun, to Greet all magnates wid knowin wink, First to the Chare I did dhrink in sherry, And thin to Cyrus in bright Shampagne; Thin to Count Gorbai in Shtaw Orgal, And in Burgunday to a lord from Spayze.

JUST thin a waver came to my sate, "Sur," Says he, "the Admiral 'tis proud would feel." Sez I, "Wid plezure, tell that ould trezhure I peage his heith in the best Mobile." To Mister Beecher I tossed a screecher, And ceo to Horraz took down wid graed, And thin to Hoffman I nixt did quoff one, Thin a rousin bumper to General Meade.

THE TELLERS OF THE TOASTS. WHIN Doctor Bellows and all good fellows, Who keep us strat on the crookid way, I dhrank in port; oh! the good ould sort too, That goes down aisy like dhrinkin tay. Wid many another, who called me brother, I dhrank in tumbler of prime Laydit, Nor missed the ladies in wine from Caddes, That melts to luv and inshpires to wit.

AS sartin over we sat in clover, "Please come to order," sed Mister Low, "To all aich glass now the bottles pass now, I give the first toast upon the row; 'Tis your Prisdint, whom the Lows has sint To work his wonders, if he sint at all, Whatear his capers, I swear by Jaypers He'll come out right jif before ye all!"

AND so they showed, tho' some few powted, And others put down their glass in spleen, But in good saison they came to rasin As the chare he bawd out, "Now, boys, the Queen!" "Is Queen Victory, her sowl to glory! Come dhrink her, boys, and her daycent son, Ther's other varmint deserves a sarmit, But Queen Victory is not the one."

THE GREAT OF THE EVENING. WHIN whin the cheerin rev way to heerin, The Chare he rose up wid smile so blan, And made a spache ther no publick taycher Could bate in grammar, or in langwidge grand He told us all, how widin the ball now, Wid an humble heart sat the modest man, Who shtple of thrubbles and burstin bubbles, Wid passavaynce had matur'd his plan.

WHO sick or helthy, wid poore and welthy, Had struggled on to his journey's ind, Nor grudged for others, 'mid toil and bothers, The ripest years of his life to spend, Till now, when scoutors and sneerin doubters Their bitter tongues could no longer weild, But joind the korus that sung the glories The wide world ovir of Cyrus Field.



"They cheered us lowly—we intherd prouidy, And gazed wid rapture around the room, Till Missis Rooney grew rather s'wooney, Wid exicis of joy and the shrooz parfume."

CYRUS RESPONDS. WHIN up rose al min, that mighty hall in, And cheerd they loudly and ob-erd the lous, And dhrain'd their glasses, whin from Pa-nassus The band burst out in a mighty song. "Hurrah for Cyrus! may be inshpire us! God bliss the power that the toilers weild! Hurrah for Freedom! and as we need 'em, God send us workmen like Cyrus Field!"

NOW Cyrus rose up, upon his toes up, And bowd all round to the cheerin crowd; In turn he bliss thin, and thin addressed thin; In gracious words he discoursed aloud, He ther narrated, wher I've repayed, About his throbbles from first to last; Now all forgottin, this pleasant spot in, The Present ped for all thrubbles past.

HE thanked the ladies, whose shume repayed his Most stormy hours on the roarin deep, Whin far from home on the O-shin's romin, He blissed them all whin he couldn't sleep. He thanked the Cheregan who spok, so fair whin

"NOW let us toast him, who well may boast him; Three cheers for Cyrus and for Cyrus' plan! God bliss the cable, and shtrong and stable May prove the wurk of this noble man. May Freedom's spirit, which we inherit, Bate in its pulse through the mighty say! And ivry hour add to the power— The people's power and the workers' sway!"



HE interduced him onto thin a! And thanked all others, his friends and brothers Of evry naysoun that was in the hall

THEY sat down, and they crowded roan, and They shuk his hands wid a hearty prayer, Whin my wife and I up, and huggd the boy up, And all but smothered him in the chare. "There, let him go down," said Mr. Low now; "God bless you, Rooney, our faithful frind, 'Tis min like you here, and wife so thure dear— Will guard our rope at the Irish ind!"

SO we tuk our sate ther in grandest state And hobb'd and nobbed wid the grate and small, While the toasts and speeches rowled out like peeches, And the Cable talked up along the wall. So headkaks shroun fill early mornin All did ther duty wid night and main. Till the wayry waiters sunk in ther sayters, And the Lecelins swore they'd no more th a pane.



"He thin sat down, and they crowded roan, and They shuk his hands wid a hearty prayer, Whin my wife and I up, and huggd the boy up, And all but smothered him in the chare."